

WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 11. — VOL. XVII

NEW-YORK SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1805.

NO. 845.

THE CASTLE DE WARRENNE,

A ROMANCE.

(Continued.)

THE simple eloquence of Jaques strongly called forth the effusions of sensibility from Matilda, and she determined not to repeat what had passed to Lady De Warrenne, lest she should increase that corroding sorrow which the happiness of all around had contributed to dispel.

CHAP. XI.

A matchless pair I —
With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace;
Her's the soft lustre of the blooming morn,
And his the strength of the setting day.

THOMSON.

DE LACY did not suffer a long time to elapse before he reminded Matilda of her promise to become his wife: conscious of his worth, she hesitated not to fulfil her engagement. The Countess did not for a moment withhold her consent; and, at the earnest entreaty of the beloved couple, Sir William and Lady Barome stayed to witness the nuptial ceremony; and the enraptured Valtimond received the hand of his bride from Sir William.

All was joy and festivity at the Castle, the departure of Sir William and his Lady being the first interruption to the general felicity, who repaired to his chateau, which being not far distant afforded them means of frequent communication. — Bled with the idol of his affections, time flew swiftly over the head of Valtimond, when an order from Court arrived for him to lead the troops under his command at — This stroke was as unexpected as unexpected, and to part from his Matilda he deemed worse than death; yet there was no alternative. In the happy peace which he had lately enjoyed, he had not neglected, as was his intention, to resign his command, which now, in the hour of danger, not even the tender love he bore his wife could tempt him to do at the expense of his honor. — Gladly would Matilda have followed him to the camp; but that her particular situation, and the tender duty she owed to her mother in her declining years, forbade.

Lady De Warrenne was sinking fast into infirmity, and needed all the soothing cares of her daughter to comfort her remaining hours; but, as the period of separation was nigh, it required all the solace of conscious rectitude to support the keen distress of the moment. All the difficulty acquired fortitude of Matilda failed her, when De Lacy clad in armor, presented himself before her. Then did all the horrors of war rush upon her distracted mind; her active fancy presented him bleeding—dying—trampled upon by the horses of the enemy in the heat of the contest! The picture was too much; and she clung round his knees, entreating not to be separated from him.

Again he tenderly embraced her, and begged of her, for his sake, not to give way to such

transports: his accents alone had power to soothe her, and she promised attention to his request. Delighted to find her more reasonable, he once more folded her to his bosom, and, promising to write at every interval, he tore himself away.

The clamorous noise of hostile music raised his drooping spirits; his pulse beat high with heroic ardor; and soon every thought was buried in the dear but dangerous pursuit of glory. A sharp engagement ensued, in which Valtimond had the pleasure to signalize his valor by several acts of intrepid courage; he returned with his party, triumphant. His first care was to dispatch his aid-de-camp with the joyful intelligence of his safety, and increasing fame, to Warrenne Castle; and he waited the congratulatory answer of his Matilda with all the impatience of the most ardent lover.

Meanwhile, Matilda had become the joyous mother of a sweet little girl, which was baptised by the name of Constantia. The fond mother beguiled the tedious hours of her husband's absence in tracing in its infantile features a resemblance of her beloved Valtimond: the eyes, which were wholly his; the delicate complexion, possessed by Lady De Warrenne; and the arch turn of the mouth, which distinguished her own, — were enumerated with rapture.

The arrival of De Lacy's letter gave her sensations of the most exquisite delight; and she trusted that the pleasing intelligence which she had to return would compensate for the toils of an arduous campaign. She presented her infant to the aid-de-camp, and desired him to give his master a faithful picture of its every feature; then, pressing the infant to her bosom, she overwhelmed the welcome messenger with remembrances to her husband.

Her sole consideration now was, the education of her child, to which she entirely devoted herself. She would sometimes mount the battlements, and with a telescope endeavor to distinguish the flying colors of the English troops. One evening, while occupied in this manner, she espied a soldier riding with the utmost speed towards the Castle. Her trembling heart beat strong with the hope of its being De Lacy, and she eagerly descended with the child in her arms. She had scarcely gained her apartment when her husband's aid-de-camp appeared.

"Speak—speak!" she cried:—"what means this extreme haste?"

"Prepare yourself, Madam," said Osmond, "for alarming intelligence! My master is—"

"I know!—I know!" screamed Matilda—"he is dead!"

"No—no—Madam; not so bad. But I am sorry to say he is dangerously wounded."

This unhop'd for reprieve was comfort to the agitated mind of Matilda, and mitigated the pain which she would otherwise have felt at the bare idea of his being wounded.

"Oh! take me to him," she exclaimed—"I will fly this instant—My presence will, I know, give him satisfaction."

"I fear you will not be able to bear the fatigue, Madam, of so long a journey," said Osmond. "My master is well attended, and will, in all probability, be recovered, with care."

"Talk not of fatigue," replied Matilda, not attending to the latter part of his address:—"is not De Lacy in danger!—and should any consideration prompt me to neglect him? And were the troubles tenfold, I would fly to my husband!"

Constantia climbed her knee, and looking pitiously in her face, said—"What, leave me, Mamma!"

Matilda pressed her with a despairing look to her breast:—"Sweet girl, I must leave you; but I shall soon return, and bring your father to you."

Matilda then threw her arms round the Countess's neck—"For you, my mother, I know what must be your feelings, from the comfort I sustain in leaving you, and that sweet babe; but I know that, under your protection she will be safe and happy. I well know, that no selfish consideration will make you judge hastily of my conduct."

Lady De Warrenne, worn down with age and sorrow, could ill support so severe a shock as the deprivation of her only comfort; but she struggled with her feelings, and endeavored to appear tranquil. The youthful and tender herald, Osmond, was melted to tears at the tender scene that took place.

The horses were by this time ready, and Matilda, again recommending her child to the care of the Countess, took a hasty kiss, and ran from the gate, not daring to trust herself with a future view of objects so dear, Osmond, with agitations scarcely inferior to her own, assisted her to mount, and they were presently out of sight. Matilda was roused from her meditations by the strange behavior of Osmond, who, often fixing his eyes upon her, would heave a profound sigh, and then relapse into his wonted insensibility. The continual repetition of this could not but excite the curiosity of Matilda, and she regarded him with a look of surprise. At this the cheeks of Osmond glowed with scarlet; and, to avert her piercing eye, he would point out the various objects by which they passed on the road; then again sink into a profound reverie. — Rather alarmed at this inconsistent behavior, Matilda began to entertain suspicious not much to the advantage of her opinion, mixed with vague apprehensions for her own personal safety. Her alarm was quickly banished: when, with joy almost amounting to frenzy, she saw the tent of De Lacy, which Osmond pointed out to her at a short distance. She quickened her pace, and, not attending to Osmond, who attempted to assist her, she sprung from her horse, and sunk almost lifeless on the couch of her husband.

Osmond passed his hand across his eyes while De Lacy rapturously folded Matilda in his feeble arms; and, no longer able to hide his feelings, rushed out of the tent. Matilda's eyes pursued him; then turned them with an expressive look on her husband.

"I understand you, my love," said Valtimond:—"you pity our poor Osmond. Unhappy youth! I fear some misfortune lies heavy at his heart. He is a faithful and affectionate; but I have reason to suspect that the severity of his misfortunes is the cause of his eccentric conduct. I have a great regard for him;

but there is a shyness in his manner that I can in no way account for."

Time flew swiftly while discoursing of their Constantio; and the mind of De Lacy was so much eased since his interview with Matilda, that his wound gave him but little inconvenience, and a short time restored him to perfect health. Ever anxious for her welfare, Valtimond hinted, that, dear as her society was to him, her return to Warrenne Castle was indispensibly necessary, after so long an absence:—she sighed compliance, and, the next day, took an affecting leave of her husband.

Attended by the still dejected Osmond in her melancholy journey, to beguile the tediousness of the way, she drew her companion into conversation; and endeavored, with the most cheering expressions, to dispel the gloom that yet clouded his brow. The sound of approaching horses interrupted their discourse; and, casting a timid glance around, Matilda perceived at a small distance a party of soldiers, who were advancing towards them. Though unconscious to what she could attribute her terror, she made an involuntary start; the reins dropped from her hands; and the horse finding himself without a curb, and being a mettlesome animal, he set off with a most alarming speed. Providently a young soldier sprang forward, and arrived soon enough to snatch Matilda from the horse before she had sustained any material injury, and supported her almost lifeless to a bank. By this time the rest of the party were come up, and surrounded them.

(To be Continued.)

"All crimes are safe, but hated poverty."

A FRAGMENT.

— "Yes, poverty, thou art horrible!—in whatever colours poets may paint thee, thou art most horrible. Thou art cold as the grave—the winter winds whistle about thee—icicles hang from thy shaggy hair, and the cold snows beat upon thy naked bosom. Thou hast neither a hut to shelter thee—nor fire to warm thee—nor clothes to cover thee—nor food to satisfy thy craving appetite—Thou hast no friends—the eye of pity is never turned on thee, nor the tear of sympathy excited by thy sufferings.—Thou art an outcast from the world—thou art hated and persecuted by all—thou art despised and detested by the whole human race. What dost thou then in this world? Is there any hope for thee? Art thou not wretched beyond conception—and dost thou still cling to the hillock of earth? Go, hide thyself in the grave.—There thine enemies cannot hurt thee, nor the insolence of prosperity reach thee—there shalt thou rest in peace—the cold clod shall press lightly on thy breast, and thy manifold sufferings be remembered no more—there shalt thou feel neither cold nor hunger—the winter winds shall whistle unheeded, the rude storms shall beat harmless on the sod which covers thee—Yes thanks to heaven! there is one consolation left me, and this I cherish—it will support me a little longer:—I will go, and for a moment forget that I was miserable."

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

WHEN that great monarch had levelled the walls of the city of Thebes in Aegotia, the beautiful courtesan Phryne offered the Thebans to rebuild them at her own expence, on condition that, to perpetuate her name, these words might be engraved upon their gates: "Alexander demolished the walls of Thebes, and Phryne restored them to the state you see them in."

THE FOUNDLING.

[On seeing a beautiful infant about a month old, in the arms of a lady, as she passed her door it had been left about nine o'clock on Sunday evening, March 25, 1804, neatly clothed, and carefully wrapped to defend it from the cold: accompanied also by a letter, in which were strongly portrayed the grief and distraction of the unhappy mother, on being compelled thus to abandon her child: and earnestly imploring on its behalf, that protection which, from desertion and distress of circumstances, it was no longer in her power to afford.]

Oh what a piteous sight is there

The helpless victim of despair,

In mercy's lap reclin'd.

Poor, blameless child of woe!

Thou dost not yet thy sufferings know,

Nor know thy patrons kind.

Alas! what guilt, or misery hard,

Could quench a mother's fond regard,

Could sever nature's ties?

Could drop, forsaken and forlorn,

Her son, her sucking, newly born,

To pain a stranger's eyes?

Perhaps, once happy, artless maid!

She felt, by artifice betray'd,

And thought the vows sincere,

Which left her in a bitter hour,

For shame and anguish to devour,

Without one pitying tear.

Perhaps an outcast from her home:

Afraid to stay—unus'd to roam,

She sought in vain relief;

Till hunger, cold, and toil, combin'd,

To numb her limbs, and wring her mind,

And break her heart with grief.

Ah, what could make, but horror wild,

A mother thus forsake her child,

And spurn the charge she bore?

Reject it from her heaving breast,

And leave it, an unbidden guest,

At a promiscuous door?

Yet not promiscuous—He, unseen,

Who know what human sorrows mean,

The wand'ring footsteps lead;

Where dwell humanity to feel,

And ready skill was prompt to heal

Thine infant well nigh dead.

So, when a tyrant's cruel breath

Had doom'd each Hebrew son to death,

To smother his guilty fear;

Young Moses by the sinners' side,

Within his feeble ark had died,

But providence was near.

He bid th' Egyptian Princess find

The babe and with a tender mind,

Compassionate its tears;

From sedgy Nile the Prophet rose,

Who sav'd his race, and crush'd their foes,

In his succeeding years.

Who knows but this poor little frame,

May hold a spark of future flame,

Which time shall give to shine;

Matur'd to happier days he may,

With filial love, your cares repay—

And cheer your life's decline.

Almighty love what words are thine!

"Ye outcasts, I adopt you mine!"

"Your parent, hope, and stay;

"A mother may her son forsake,

"But I my cot'nant will not break—

"Nor cast my child away."

From LITERARY OLIO.

THE SEDUCER.

"AYE, so you serve us,

"Till we serve you; but when you have our meat,

"You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,

"And mock us with our baseness."

SHAKESPEARE.

WHO is von meagre, ruined wretch, 'pressed down by disease and covered with shame and confusion? Sure it is no human being. The Almighty never stamped his image on a form so forbidding. Hush stanger! cease thy cruel and inadversions on the victim of villainy. Turn thine eye for a moment, and behold the reverse. Seest thou yon sprightly Coxcomb, glittering in the sunbeams of prosperity and hastening with eagerness from pleasure to pleasure? He is her seducer: in an unguarded moment he triumphed o'er her virtue, he broke his faith and left her to brood o'er her misery in penury and want. Disease, like a corroding canker preys on her vitals, and she will e'er long be added to her native dust. Stranger, you weep at her misfortunes, your tears are unavailing. Her fate is determined. Her penitence is accepted, and she shall yet be happy. Go shew them this picture of misery; and when they enquire the cause, tell them a lordly brute fixed his cruel fangs on the object of their pity; tell them she once was as gay, as lovely, as innocent, and as happy as they now are; but she was betrayed and her fond expectations blasted forever.

HENRY.

PROVOCATION upon PROVOCATION.

A gentleman who went to visit some relatives in Ireland, previous to his departure determined never to fight a duel; and though naturally irritable, resolved to suppress, if possible, every emotion of resentment. He arrived at Dublin in the evening, and went to the theatre, where two beautiful girls laid siege to his affections, and he invited them both to sup with him on College Green. The repast (consisting of a fowl and cranberry tart) was scarcely placed upon the table, before the waiter informed him that a Jowlman was below stairs who called himself Capt. Mucavannah, and that he had sent up word, that the lady in the flower'd tabinet was a particular friend of his, and must be sent down to him immediately, or he must measure swords with the parson who detained her. "The message is somewhat abrupt, (said the stranger,) but if it must be so it must; Madam I wish you a good night, permit me to accompany you to the door; and in your absence, this lady and I must console ourselves as well as we can for the loss of your agreeable society.

Five minutes had scarcely elapsed before the waiter returned, and brought another message from the capt. signifying that the lady below stairs was miserable without her companion, who must come to her in no time at all at all. The stranger much nettled at this abrupt and unexpected summons, hesitated; but his prudence corrected his anger, and he at length made his coage to his fair companion, and consented to eat his supper alone. This determination was not made many seconds, before the waiter entered with a third demand from the captain, the purport of which was, that one of the ladies longed for the broiled chicken, and the other for the cranberry tart, they must not be disappointed in their wishes, but both chickens and pie sent down to them. The gentleman, exceedingly enraged at this impud-

requisition, swore most emphatically, "that he would not part with his supper on such terms for all the demireps and bullies from Cork to Antrim." But, recollecting the resolution he had made, he reluctantly consented to the whole being removed, called for a basin of water-gruel, eat it like a philosopher and then went to bed. While he was at breakfast next morning, a fierce, rawboned, colossal figure, with a great cockade in his hat, stalked into the room, and, without preface, thus addressed him, in a tone of denunciation: "My name, sir, is Mackavanagh, and I used you like a scoundrel last night."—"As you are pleased to say so, sir," (replied the other) "I shall not be so rude as to contradict you."—"Very well (continued the captain,) that point being settled, I must next inform you, that I am now come to give you satisfaction; and as you are a stranger and may have no weapons, I have brought a pair of pistols ready charged with a brace of bullets each, my dear; so the sooner we settle the affair the better." This was too much; they called a coach, and drove to Glasnevin, from whence the traveller returned with, what his opponent called *the badge of a brave fellow!*—a ball in his left shoulder.

ANECDOTE.

A gentleman having gone a few days since to a public building in Chester, to see the embellishments which was making there, the master painter took an opportunity of whispering to his man *kick the stranger as he goes out.*—The painter accordingly followed the gentleman down stairs; but instead of asking for something to drink (which the cant word *kick* implies) he literally took his master's advice, and rather urgently projected the unsuspecting visitant into the street head foremost! The latter turned round to retaliate; but the painter had coolly locked the door, and returned up stairs to his employment.

EFFECT OF LOVE.

LEANDER, a young man of Abydos, a fortress in Asia, opposite to Sestos in Europe, on the Hellespont, both which are now called the Dardanelles fell deeply in love with a beautiful virgin at Sestos, named Hero. Leander had for some time accustomed himself in the night to swim over the Hellespont to his love, she holding up a flambeau from a high tower to direct him where to land. This custom continued between them with secrecy and safety, till, venturing one night when the sea was rough and tempestuous, he was unfortunately cast away. The waves threw his dead body on the shore at Sestos, where Hero, from a tower, beholding it, and not desiring to live when her other life was gone, threw herself from the top of a tower into the sea, and accompanied her lover in death.

IN the reign of Henry the VII. Thomas Flamock, and Michael Joseph, a smith, were condemned to be hanged, drawn and quartered, for raising commotions in Cornwall, about the payment of a subsidy. Coming to the place of execution, it was wonderful to observe how courageously the blacksmith took his death, in hopes that his name and memory should continue forever. So dear is fame to vulgar minds, though it be accompanied with ignominy! What is it then to heroic souls when attended with glory?

NEW-YORK, MARCH 16, 1805.

Thirty-two Deaths have occurred in this city during the last week, ending the 9th inst.

The brig Pallas, capt. Sheffield, left Gibraltar for New York on the 5th of January with a very valuable cargo of wine, brandy, raisins and specie. On the 11th, in a violent gale, she sprung a leak; and, although the pumps were kept constantly going, the leak gained upon them three feet deep. In this distressing situation they were fortunately fallen in with by the brig Mary of Guernsey, bound from Madeira for Norfolk, who took off the capt. and crew, and assisted them in preserving two pipes of wine, one of brandy, 60 boxes of raisins, and all the specie on board. They then left the Pallas to the mercy of the waves; and as the wind blew a heavy gale, it is supposed she must have gone to pieces in a short time afterwards.

It will be gratifying to the friends of humanity to know that Stephen Arnold, the savage ruffian, who murdered the little Orphan girl in the county of Herkimer, as mentioned in this paper a few weeks ago, is likely to receive the punishment due to his crimes. He is in custody in the gaol of Newark. He was apprehended on Wednesday evening in the neighborhood of Springfield, N. J. where it is said he had been secreted for the three preceding weeks.

On Thursday evening the gaol at Newark, in New-Jersey, was broke open, and nine criminals out of thirteen made their escape.

Capt. Bennett, from New-Orleans, informs, that two days before he sailed, a duel was fought between Mr. Lewis (the brother in law of Gov. Claiborne) and Mr. Sierry, of Providence; the former fell the second shot, the latter having entered his heart.

Duke D'Enghien.—A gentleman, lately arrived at Quebec from a tour through the Italian Republic and the nearly acquired territories of France to Holland, says that the unfortunate Prince was treated most inhumanly during his short confinement in the citadel of Stransburgh. On the Duke's departure, (says this gentleman) he applied twice to the attending officer for permission to take a favorite dog into the carriage with him, without any answer; he then flung his purse to one of the soldiers, and pointing to the dog, desired him to lift him into the carriage, when the officer brutally kicked the animal away, and unfeelingly shut the carriage door. The Prince on this betrayed the first evident emotion, looked for a moment through the window of the carriage at his dog, and then with composure reclined back in his seat. This was universally known at Stransburgh, where the murder of the Duke is spoken of with the greatest horror, as well as that of Pichegru. The police of Stransburgh, since the fabrication of the plot against the life of the Emperor, is under inspection of an Irish prefect named Shea; and so vigilant and suspicious are the members of the government, that no passenger can escape annoyance, however regular and correct his passport may be.

Bonaparte, since his coronation, is said to be particularly watchful for his personal preservation. On his entrance into company, he endeavors to be cheerful, but soon relaxes into his wonted austerity. "His constant apprehensions (says an observer) have given him a habit of starting whenever any body approaches him, and his piercing eyes are constantly rolling about, as if to observe every thing that passes near him.

COURT OF HYMEN.

*HAIL! every pair whom love unites,
In Hymen's pleasing ties;
That endless source of pure delights,
That blessing of the wise.*

MARRIED.

On Sunday evening last, by Bishop Moore, Mr. William Carlock, to Miss Jane Bruce, both of this city.

On Monday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Austin, Mr. Robert Murray, to Miss Abigail Still, will, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Townly, Mr. Garrett Brower, to Miss Rachel De Forest, both of this city.

On Wednesday the 6th inst. at Salem, N. J. by the Rev. Mr. Fountain, Mr. Joseph Hobby, of this city, to Miss Polly Reynolds, of that place.

At Demarara, Mr. H. Hunt, formerly of New York, to Miss S. M. Rogers.

At St. Winnow's Church, Cornwall, Mr. E. Matthews, aged 72, to Mrs. Mary Bright, aged 86. The courtship between this tender pair had been about 24 years continuance. They being of opposite religious tenets, could not agree as to what persuasion the CHILDREN should be brought up; but at last, almighty Love triumphed over Religion in the lady's heart, and her qualms of conscience are now perfectly reconciled.

At Nantwich, Mr. Schofield, sergeant of the Army of Reserve, to Miss Betty Hallwood, of Beambridge. This marriage being against the consent of the Lady's friends, the brother of the bride actually stript to fight the person in the church for marrying them, who was obliged to procure constables to keep the peace during the nuptial ceremony; after which the bride was borne off in triumph by the bridegroom under one arm, and a corporal of the same regiment under the other, to the no small gratification of a large concourse of spectators.

SCALES, WEIGHTS & MEASURES.

ABRAHAM CARGILL,

Public Scales of Weights, Measures, Scale Beams, and Yards; No. 650 Water Street, four doors west of Peck Slip. Where he continues to carry on his Manufactory of Tin, Copper, Brass, and sheet iron ware, and keeps on hand a general assortment of Scales, Weights & Measures with a variety of Japanned, Pewter, and hallow ware.

N. B. Weights and Measures adjusted and sealed at a short notice.
March 16, 1805.
845, 16.

NEW-YORK REGISTERING

AND

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE OFFICE,

No. 9 Broad-street, near the City Hall, where families or single gentlemen, upon application, may be supplied with servants of every description, merchants with clerks, mechanics with journeymen; also, servants, apprentices, journeymen, mechanics, and persons of every description may be supplied with places.

N. B. A few servants on the books that can be well recommended,
March 9.

844 16

JUST RECEIVED.

AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,

An elegant edition of the DEATH OF ABEL, in five books, from the German of Gellert; with a beautiful likeness of the Author.

The best of Liverpool and Virginia COALS may be had by applying at No. 26 Roosevelt-St.

S. FREEMAN;

March 16, 1805,

COURT OF APOLLO.

MY MOTHER

WHO fed me from her gentle breast,
And hush'd me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheek sweet kisses prest?

My Mother

When sleep forsook my open eyes
Who was it sang sweet lullaby,
And rock'd me that I should not cry?

My Mother

Who sat and watch'd my infant head
When sleeping on my cradle bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed?

My Mother

When pain and sickness made me cry,
Who gaz'd upon my heavy eye,
And wept for fear that I should die?

My Mother

Who dress'd my doll in clothes so gay,
Who taught me pretty how to play,
And minded all I'd got to say?

My Mother

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well?

My Mother

Who taught my infant lips to pray,
To love God's holy Book and Day,
And walk in wisdoms pleasant way?

My Mother

And can I ever cease to be
Affectionate and kind to thee,
Who was so very kind to me,

My Mother

Ah! no—the thought I cannot bear,
And if God please my life to spare,
I hope I shall reward thy care,

My Mother

When thou art feeble, old, and grey,
My healthy arm shall be thy stay,
And I will soothe thy pains away,

My Mother

And when I see thee hang thy head,
I'll be my turn to watch thy bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed,

My Mother

For God who lives above the skies,
Would look with vengeance in his eyes
If I should ever dare despise

My Mother.

ANECDOTE OF DR. SOUTH.

DR. SOUTH, one of the chaplains of Charles the Second, preaching on a certain day before the court, which was composed of the most profligate and dissipated men in the nation, perceived in the middle of his discourse, that sleep had gradually taken possession of his hearers. The doctor immediately stopped short, and changing his tone of voice, called out to Lord Landerdale three times. His Lordship standing up, "My Lord," says South, with great composure, "I am sorry to interrupt your repose, but I must beg of you that you will not snore quite so loud, lest you awaken his Majesty."

MILINARY

A Saunders, finding that he cannot quit his present line of business for some time as he intended, without great loss on his stock on hand. Begs leave to inform his customers and the public that he still continues his business at his store No. 119 William Street, where he has a general assortment of Silks, Lachorn, and Paper, Laces as usual, whole sale and retail.

March 2, 1805.

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MORALIST.

BY how much the greater and better men are, so much the more are they inclined to show mercy, and commiserate the deplorable condition of those who stand in need of it. A great soul will do all in his power to conquer and subdue his enemies; and, after that, will double his conquest by extending his clemency to those whom he had power to destroy. It is a matter of great difficulty to determine which of these acts, either of valour or mercy, redound most to his honour; though some, without hesitation give the crown to clemency, as a virtue that most resembles the Deity. Revenge and cruelty, where men cannot resist, is offering violence to human nature and usurping that of devils; for justice itself never appears in a brighter orb than when it is intermixed with mercy, shewing compassion to the man, and punishing the crime.

NEW NOVELS,

For Sale at this Office.

Grasville Abbey, a Romance.
Jack Smith, or the Castle of St. Donats.
Mordaunt, by the author of Zeluco & Edward.
Emily De Vermont, or the Necessary Divorce.
Emma Courtney, a Novel,
What Has Been.
Gonsalvo, the Spanish Knight.
The Abbess, a Romance.
St. Leon, a Tale of the 16th Century.
Emeline or the Orphan of the Castle.
Dorval or the Speculator.
Three Sparrows, a Romance.
Caroline of Litchfield.
Clermont, a Tale by Regina M. Roche.
Romance of the Forest, by Mrs. Radcliffe.
George Barnwell.
Zaida or the Dethronement of Mahamed.
Tale of the Times, by the author of the Gossip Story.
Monimia or the Beggar Girl.
Beggar Boy, a Novel.
Vicar of Lansdown, or Country Quarters.
Beggar Girl, a Novel.
Hedegerte Queen of Norway.
America or the Influence of Virtue, an old man's story.

FRENCH STORE,

No. 223 BROADWAY,
Opposite the New-City Hall.

F. DUROIS, has the honor to inform the public that he has removed his store from No. 81 William Street, to the above place, where he keeps a choice assortment of Perfumery, Jewellery and Fancy articles, viz. fine pomatum, plain and scented powder, perfumes of all sorts, a variety of scented soaps and wash-balls, milk of roses, India wool, talcum, face and pearl powder, antique oil, sweet scented veas, burning powder to perfume apartments, the celebrated Chevalier Ruspini's Dentifrice, the damask lip-palve, tortoise shell, ivory, horn and lead combs, scissors, penknives, and razor strops, dressing-boxes and artificial flowers and plumes, elastic and quack garters, smelling bottles, pinching and curling rings, gold, pearl, and false earrings, ladies and gentlemen's suspenders, garters, and all kinds of ornamental hair for Ladies head dresses, the jessamin and violet oil, for thickening preserving and restoring the hair the cicasion liquid that gives in a few minutes a jet black colour to the hair, and a variety of other articles all warranted of the best kind and sold at a reasonable rate.

F. D. keeps at usual his Intelligence office, where are to be had servants of every description and as much as circumstances will allow, of good character.

Oct. 27 1804.

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MR. TURNER,

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has removed from Dry-Street, to No. 15 PARK, near the Theatre. Where he practices PHYSIC and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST. He has ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature. And for next in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural. His method also of CLEANING the TEETH is generally approved, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the smile, without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most raging TOOTH-ACH, his TINCTURE has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the DECAY is beyond the power of remedy, his attention to extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles, is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any Lady, or Gentleman at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 15 Park, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from Chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years, and many Medical Characters both use and recommend it, as by the daily application, the TEETH become beautifully white, the GUMS are braced, and assume a firm and natural healthy red appearance, the loosened TEETH are rendered fast in their Sockets, the breath imparts a delightful sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of TARTAR, together with ECAY, and TOOTH-ACH prevented.

The TINCTURE and POWDER, may likewise be had at G. and R. Waites Book Store No. 62 Maiden-Lane March 2, 1805. 8439t.

N. SMITH.

Chemical Perfumery from London, at the New-York Hair Powder and Perfume manufactory, (the Golden Rule No. 114 Broadway, opposite the City Hotel). Ladies Silk Braces, do. Elastic worked & cotton Garters.

Smith's purified Chemical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable perfume 4 & 8¢ each.

Smith's Chemical Abilergent Lotion, for whitening and preserving the teeth and gums, warranted.

Gentlemen's morocco Pouches for travelling, that add all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass. Odours of Roses for smelling bottles.

Violet and palm Soap, 25¢ per square.

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, eruptions or sunburns: has not its equal for preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dolls per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4¢ and 8¢ per pot.

His superfine white hair powder, 1¢ and 6d. per lb. Violet, double scented Rose 2¢ and 6d.

Smith's favonette royal paste, for washing the skin making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4¢ and 8¢ per pot do. paste.

Smith's chemical Dentifrice Tooth Powder, for the teeth and gums, warranted, 2 and 4¢ per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural colour to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences, with every article necessary for the toilet, warranted.

Smith's Chemical Blacking Cakes—Almond powder for the skin, 8¢ lb.

Smith's Circassia Oil, for glossing and keeping the hair in curl. His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on chemical principles to help the operation of shaving.

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster, 3¢ per box.

THE best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Strops, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen-knives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn Combs. Superfine white Scented Smelling Bottles, &c. &c. Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with imported perfumery. Great allowance to those who buy to sell again.

Ladies and Gentlemen pocketbooks,

NEW-YORK:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR,
No. 3 PECK-SLIP.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum.